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Some Women Writers.

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V.—LADY GEORGIANA FULLERTON.

"Femmes-Auteurs," as Louis Veuillot called "authoresses," have done a great deal of harm in the world. The sentimentalism of George Sand, the affected cynicism of "Ouida," the sensuousness of Rhoda Broughton, and the utter shamelessness of some others savor more of Mistress Aphra Behn than of the reticence and self-respect of that great English novelist, Miss Austen. Happily, our century and the vocation of women of letters have been redeemed by names which are not inferior to the ones that slowly arose above the flash and clangor of Sir Walter Scott's wonderful mediæval world.

Among the brightest of these names we do not hesitate to put that of Lady Georgiana Fullerton. A certain delicate quality of humor has caused Miss Austen to be named second to Shakspeare by English critics. This praise might be considered overstrained if we did not remark that Shakspeare's humor is much less than his wit. In all the qualities that made Jane Austen mistress of her craft—her consummate art, her careful reticence, her subtle knowledge of the varying temperature of the social atmosphere which her characters breathed—Lady Georgiana Fullerton was Miss Austen's equal, and more than her equal in strength and intensity of feeling.

Miss Austen is likely to remind the average reader more of Cowper than of Shakspeare. Her books seem redolent of the aroma of tea mixed in just the right proportion. They are com-

fortable—steeped in comfort. If there is no word in them that can bring a blush to the cheek of a young girl, there is likewise no word in them to "catch us by the throat" and to force us to acknowledge there are better things in the world than a comfortable income, a bright grate, and pleasant acquaintances. Nevertheless she was an artist of the highest type. Mr. T. E. Kebbel, in the *Fortnightly Review*, expresses that sense of the limitations of her art which is one of the necessary requirements of true art: "To have steered exactly between the two extremes of undue severity and undue license; to have caused us an uninterrupted amusement without ever descending to the grotesque; to have been comic without being vulgar, and to have avoided extremes of every kind without ever being dull or commonplace, is the praise of which Jane Austen is almost entitled to a monopoly, . . . and only add another to the many proofs which we possess that nothing is too mean for genius to convert into gold."

In writing of Lady Georgiana Fullerton I can add the higher praise that she, without violating the principles of art, led us through this world to the gate of one to which this is a phantom of unreality. Miss Austen would have regarded Emma, or any other of her heroines who might have sold their goods and given the proceeds to the poor, as monstrous changelings with whom she could not possibly have any acquaintance or sympathy. She is always decorous; the appearance of a Constance Sherwood or her friend, Mistress Ward, with aspirations beyond the visible world, in the little circle of her characters would have filled her with uneasy amazement.

Lady Georgiana Fullerton knew Miss Austen's world of English gentlemen and gentlewomen. She, too, could bring around the at-

mosphere of toast and tea, of drawn curtains and glowing grates, of the comfortable interiors so dear to Miss Austen's greatest living successor, Mrs. Oliphant; but she had powers, and exerted them, which take her nearer to Thackeray—the Thackeray of "Esmond"—than any critic has so far been willing to admit. And "The Handkerchief at the Window" is one of the most perfectly concentrated short stories ever written.

The purely literary works of Lady Georgiana Fullerton can be safely quoted against that class of *dilettanti* who assert that the Christian religion, when it permeates and directs literary work, enfeebles its artistic qualities. One of the latest of English "femmes-auteurs," Miss Vernon Lee, a positivist by profession, has written a novel to show to what depths devotion to art for art's sake and to material beauty for the sake of material beauty, leads. She shows, with the air of a prophet, that the false æstheticism of Dante, Rossetti, Pater, and the rest, leads to a degradation so great as to be beyond the reach of human speech. Her heroine, Miss Brown, seeks refuge in the barren abstractions in which George Eliot found only despondency. These Miss Vernon Lee calls religion; she offers a degraded world Comte for our Lord, an impossible altruism for charity. She speaks for positivism. It is evident that the axiom that art is defective when it is not united to something higher has ceased to be received by the "cultured" as infallible. But with the school of æsthetes, now growing small and unpopular, it is still held that the Christian must hamper the artist in his higher efforts, as it is held by certain classes in France that a devotion to freedom is always united to a denial of God.

Villon, the poet of these æsthetes, asked, "Où sont les neiges d'antan?" The snows of last year are forgotten, as the pretentious "art," the mock paganism, and the equally mock "blessed damozels" and Christian virgins of this school without faith, will soon be forgotten.

The artistic quality of the novels of Lady Georgiana Fullerton deepened with her faith, and her faith ran deeper as she neared her end. Many of us can long for the intense devotion which impelled her to say: "How few Holy Weeks are left me! Even if I live to be very old I cannot have more than twenty"; but how few really have that utter union with the visible life of the Church it expresses!

Lady Georgiana Fullerton* was essentially

* The lecturer has made use of a sketch of Lady Georgiana Fullerton written by him for the *Catholic World*.

religious; in 1844, prior to her conversion to the Church, she wrote "Ellen Middleton," of which a new edition has recently appeared in London. "Ellen Middleton" shows the struggles of a devout soul. It has somewhat too much of the sentiment and sentimentalism of the outpourings of a heart that had kept its treasures of imagination and thought close until the pen unlocked them. The story is serious but interesting. Its style is vigorous, but without that perfect equality of handling and clearness of tone which make "Constance Sherwood" and "A Will and a Way" models of good English. At this time Lady Georgiana did not disdain what later she might have considered "sensationalism"; but both the sentimentalism and the sensationalism disappear as she gets nearer and nearer to the heart of the Church. Her art grows stronger and purer as her faith and charity increase. When she wrote "Ellen Middleton" she believed in that chimera, Tractarianism. A future Anglican Church seemed possible to her. There are in the book lines which tell of her clinging to the fallacy of the validity of Anglican Orders. In the last edition, printed early in the present year, these lines have been permitted to remain, very wisely, as without them the novel would not be so perfect an index of the mind that created it.

After her conversion—she was received into the Church in 1846, four years after the conversion of her husband—she gave "Grantley Manor" to the world. It is a novel of character, an advance on "Ellen Middleton." "The Old Highlander" came next. In 1852 her success had been so great that she published "Lady Bird." Of the trio of earlier novels this is by far the most powerful. It is intensely human and intensely real. Reading it, one cannot help being impressed by the strength of purpose, the great desire for truth, which the soul of the author must have possessed; for it is very plain that "Lady Bird," "Grantley Manor," and "Ellen Middleton" are partly autobiographical, not as to the incidents, but as to the feelings of which the incidents are expressions. It is not strange that these novels, better known on this side of the Atlantic than her other works, are beloved of young people. The author was not young when she published them, but they are books that only one young and ardent in heart and mind could have written. Unchastened by Christianity, such a heart and mind might have run into extravagances of which we find indications in "Ellen Middleton," and still fainter in "Lady Bird."

"Too Strange not to be True" and "Mrs. Ger-

ald's Niece" are also very well known here, having been published by the Appletons. The latter is a book of religious controversy, edifying and in good taste, with the thread of a story to keep it together. The former is a novel of romantic and absorbing interest in which the author made one of those few errors which reviewers love to discover in order to give liveliness to their criticisms. It was in this book she described, if we do not mistake, the gambols of monkeys on the banks of the Mississippi. Later, in her translation of Mrs. Craven's "Elaine," the sapient reviewers found *canapi* (sofa), translated "canopy," and they exploited the mistake with double eagerness because Lady Georgiana Fullerton was so careful and so rarely fell into those slight errors which pepper the pages of writers of fiction. In one of her short stories, "Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam," she tries to teach the awfulness of a writer's responsibility. She felt it deeply. As she grew older the dreadful weight of her vocation would have made her over-scrupulous had it not been made so evident to her that one of her duties to God was to write. She turned her attention to more serious work, as she doubtless thought it, than the writing of novels. She trembled for the value of the little seeds she scattered abroad on their tiny wings from her full hands. Alas! if there should be one weed planted even unconsciously by her hand! She trembled at the thought; and throughout the whole twenty volumes of her works one may see between the lines an undercurrent of watchfulness that cleansed every word as pebbles are whitened in a clear stream. We have always regretted that "Too Strange not to be True" is disfigured by woodcuts incongruous to the text—singular monstrosities which, when a new and uniform edition of her novels is issued by some other publisher in America, we hope to see removed.

Lady Georgiana Fullerton was of the famous Leveson Gower family. Her father was in 1833 created Lord Granville. The present Lord Granville is her brother. She was born on September 23, 1812. The fact that she wrote French as fluently and elegantly as she wrote English, and that she knew France as thoroughly as she knew England, and that one country was almost as dear to her as the other, is accounted for by her long residence in France in the household of her father, who was ambassador in Paris. Her life was very happy there. Her brother, the present Lord Granville, oppressed with cares of state, differing from her in religion, and often separated from her by his duties, has never lost that love and reverence for her which sprang up in

the kindly, domestic warmth of the exiled yet happy family. It was one of the fortunate attributes of this lady, as eminent for her womanly virtues as for her womanly genius, that she was tenacious in her love. No relative ever had reason to complain of her coldness, no friend of a change in her. To be loved by her once was to be loved by her, in spite of all shortcomings, forever. Her charity—in the truest sense of the word—was what St. Paul describes charity to be: "Charity is patient, is kind; charity envieth not; dealeth not perversely; is not puffed up; is not ambitious; seeketh not her own; is not provoked to anger; thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth with the truth: beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things." This expresses her charity. The love and friendship, the trust and belief she once gave she never took back.

In 1833 she married Alexander George Fullerton, whose family seats were in Ireland and England. Although her love for Ireland is manifest in many of her books, and her kindness to the Irish poor of London was unvarying and thoughtful, she never entered Ireland. But she knew Ireland and the Irish through the happy intuition of sympathy. She looked on them as a race of martyrs,—as a race ennobled by the sword of persecution,—whom she, the daughter of a peer and the niece of a duke, was honored in serving. Had they not suffered for Christ's sake? In her "Verses" she cries:

"Yes, you can die as martyrs die,
Sons of the saints of yore
Who fell when Erin's fields were stained
With her own children's gore."

She loved the poor. She begged for them, she worked for them, she economized for them. She deprived herself of luxuries constantly for their sake. A friend tells how she walked long distances rather than hire a cab, that she might add to her insatiable purse for the poor. She was not unmindful of the duties of her state in life. She played her part as hostess in her husband's house with grace and elegance. She wrote for the poor, not for the public. The money paid her by the publishers found its way to the poor. Literally, she was a slave for Christ's sake; and, in the eyes of the world, a fool for Christ's sake.

She founded the "Poor Servants of God Incarnate," that the wretched might be helped. She gave all her energy and peculiar earnestness to the getting of the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul into England, and she succeeded.

In 1842 Mr. Fullerton became a Catholic. The conflict that tore the heart of his wife is described

in the often-quoted lines of hers, "Mother Church":

"Oh! that thy creed was sound, I cried,
Until I felt its power,
And almost prayed to find it false
In the decisive hour.
Great was the struggle, fierce the strife,
But wonderful the gain,
For not one trial or one pang
Was sent or felt in vain.
And every link of that long chain
That led my soul to thee
Remains a monument of all
Thy mercy sent to me."

The heaviest sorrow of Lady Georgiana Fullerton's life was the death of her son by a sudden accident. She was not with him when he died. If she could have seen him before his young life took flight the blow would perhaps have not left that constantly re-opening wound which gave her anguish until the day of her death. Her dearest friends dropped from her one by one, each loss seeming to tear away a portion of her heart. Her sister, Lady Rivers, the Marchioness of Lothian, and Lady Londonderry were taken by death. Each vacancy in her heart seemed to be at once filled with new love for her Lord.

She knew to its utmost the sweetness of Christian friendship. In "Constance Sherwood," the greatest of her works of fiction, she gives us a charming picture of that between her heroine and Mistress Ann Dacre, afterwards Lady Surrey. The account of the first meeting of these young girls is a delightful bit of description. We see the rustic but gentle Constance, a little shy from having seen few people, forgetting to put down the posies of old-fashioned flowers she had gathered for the rooms. The dahlias, the marigolds, the late daisies, and the honeysuckle of her garden filled her arms as the courtly party her parents expected rode up to their house. Constance was the child of "recusants," who clung to the faith of their fathers in spite of the ostracism of their neighbors. Her heart had ached when she saw the village children joyously dancing around the May-pole; but her father, finding her in tears, led her into the woods where carpets of wild-flowers had been laid, and turned her tears to smiles by his pleasant tales. At Easter, when the village children rolled pasch eggs down the smooth sides of the green hills, her mother would paint her some herself and adorn them with such bright colors and rare sentences that she "feared to break them with rude handling," and kept them by her throughout the year, rather as pictures to be gazed on than toys to be played with in a wanton fashion.

Children would cry out sometimes, but half in play, "Down with the papists!" although the papists were not looked on unkindly by the commoner sort of folk, to whom their charity endeared them. On the eve of Martinmas day the Lady Monteagle came to the Sherwood house with her son and her three granddaughters. "Her son," writes Constance, to whose personality Lady Georgiana Fullerton has given the difficult quality of reality, "had somewhat of the same nobility of mien, and was tall and graceful in his movements; but behind her, on her pillion, sat a small counterpart of herself, inasmuch as childhood can resemble old age, and youthful loveliness matronly dignity. This was the eldest of her ladyship's granddaughters, my sweet Mistress Ann Dacre. This was my first sight of her who was hereafter to hold so great a place in my heart and in my life. As she was lifted from the saddle, and stood in her riding-habit and plumed hat at our door, making a graceful and modest obeisance to my parents, one step retired behind her grandam, with a lovely color tinging her cheeks and her long lashes veiling her sweet eyes, I thought I had never seen so fair a creature as this high-born maiden of my own age; and even now that time, as it has gone by, has shown me all that a court can display to charm the eyes and enrapture the fancy, I do not gainsay that same childish thought of mine. And then Lady Monteagle commanded Mistress Ann to salute; and I felt my cheeks flush and my heart beat with joy as the sweet little lady put her arms round my neck and pressed her lips on my cheek."

The progress of this friendship is the story of the book. Mistress Ann Dacre becomes Lady Surrey. She is at heart a Catholic and would willingly practise her religion, although all around her have "conformed." Her husband is lured from her by that expert coquette, Queen Elizabeth. Through all her trials and her weakness the friendship between Constance and her remains unchanged. Constance never upbraids her "sweet friend." Her friendship is savored with divine charity and patience. The strength of this exquisite novel lies in the purity and truth of its author's own idea of friendship. Through all her life Lady Georgiana Fullerton knew what it meant; he who would read how deeply one woman may love another in Christ should ponder the story of Constance Sherwood. One chapter of it, like a cool, clear day, fresh and refreshing, is worth all the raptures and the false, self-conscious, overstrained analysis of affected sentiments in which the *femmes-auteurs* delight to indulge.

Love-making is a very important matter in modern novels, and in some modern novels much read it is a long-drawn-out and nauseating matter. There are few novelists who know how to have their heroes and heroines make love with sufficient delicacy. Of fewer novelists can it be said that one would ask them for more love-making. In reading Thackeray we laugh at or pity the lovers; Trollope's love-scenes are exceedingly matter-of-fact; Mrs. Oliphant's love-making is what may be called "nice," and William Black is too much engaged with the changes of his scenes, his moonlight and sunrise effects, to give the necessary attention to the billing and cooing of his characters. Miss Austen's people make love like human beings to whom "money settlements" are more important than hearts. In most novelists' work we miss the quality of reticence in love-making. Their lovers have either no reserve or no feeling. It is a fine thing to think of a man's heart as of a good violin. It is full of rich music; its strings are drawn to their utmost tension. The master-hand touches it with his bow; it does not give forth all its rich harmonies at once. There is a prelude which suggests the wealth of noble music stored in the tense chords. Finally it comes forth in a grand, increasing harmony of melodious sounds. But the strings do not loosen: they are held tight; there is no abandonment; when they relax and forget that music comes only by sacrifice, there are no more noble sounds. A man's heart, like the violin, must not relax its strings in that abandonment which the *femmes-auteurs* like to depict. Passion is discord; love is a different thing.

Lady Georgiana Fullerton's love-scenes are very tender and delicate, full of reserve, yet showing bursts of the tenderest feeling. She makes us feel the qualities of her heroes without throwing a glare of light upon them; all the high lights in her pictures are in her heroines. Basil Rookwood is sketched by Lady Georgiana Fullerton rather than fully painted; but the reader gets a lofty idea of his consummate manliness. The author is true to the character of the sweet, strong, maidenly Constance in having her artlessly, yet with reserve, describe her love for Basil. She met him in a great crowd of people at "Mistress Wells." They talk of the sincere and clever widower, Mr. Roper, the husband of Sir Thomas More's Margaret.

"I felt in my soul an unusual liking for his conversation, and the more so when, leaving off jesting, he said: 'The last fault Mr. Roper did charge you with was lack of prudence wherein prudence is most needed in these days.'

"'Alas!' I exclaimed, 'for that also do I cry mercy; but indeed, Master Rookwood, there is in these days so much cowardice and time-serving which doth style itself prudence that methinks it might sometimes happen that a right boldness should be called rashness.' . . . Then some persons moving nearer to where we were sitting, some general conversation ensued, in which several took part; and none so much to my liking as Basil, albeit others might possess more ready tongues and a more sparkling wit. In all the years since I had left my home I had not found so much contentment in any one's society. His mind and mine were like two instruments with various chords but one keynote, which maintained them in admirable harmony. The measure of our agreement stood rather in the drift of our desires and the scope of our approval than in any parity of tastes or resemblance of disposition. Acquaintanceship soon gave way to intimacy, which bred a mutual friendship that in its turn was not slow to change into a warmer feeling. We met very often. It seemed so natural to him to affection me, and me to reciprocate his affection, that if our love began not—which methinks it did—on that first day of meeting, I know not when it had birth.'"

Shakspeare, in "As You Like It," says:

"But, mistress, know yourself: down on your knees,
And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's love."

"For I pray you," writes Lady Georgiana Fullerton, in the person of Constance Sherwood, after Basil Rookwood has proposed, "after the gift of faith and of grace for to know and love God, is there aught on earth to be jewelled by a woman like to the affection of a good man; or a more secure haven for her to anchor in amid the billows of present life, except that of religion, to which all be not called, than an honorable contract of marriage, wherein reason, passion, and duty do bind the soul in a triple cord of love?"

Later Constance says to Basil:

"'But truly, sir, if your thinking is just that easy virtue is little or no virtue, I shall be the least virtuous wife in the world. Why, Basil, what, I pray you, should be the duty of a virtuous wife but to love her husband?'"

Lady Surrey, who loves her husband in spite of his imitation of the Earl of Leicester in dangling after Anne Boleyn's daughter, makes Constance indignant when she asks whether Constance would change if Basil changed.

"'If he did much alter,' I answered, 'as no longer to care for me, methinks I should at once cast him out of my heart; for then it would not have been Basil, but a fancied being coined by

mine own imaginings, I should have doted on.'

"'Tut!' she cried, 'thou art too proud. If thou dost speak truly, I misdoubt that to be love which could so easily discard its object.'

"'For my part,' I replied, somewhat nettled, 'I think the highest sort of passion should be above suspecting change in him which doth inspire it, or resenting a change which should procure it freedom from an unworthy thrall.'

"'I ween,' she answered, 'we do somewhat misconceive each one the other's meaning; and, moreover, no parallel can exist between a wife's affection and a maiden's liking.'

In all Lady Georgiana Fullerton's novels we find love depicted as it should be, with tenderness, with keen insight into human hearts, with Christian reserve. Her characters are not mere creatures of impulse tossed powerless, seemingly without will or self-respect, on a rude sea bearing them to chaos. Even in love they preserve their faith and reason. The marriages in her novels—and there are many marriages—are marriages of reason as well as affection. In the novel with a purpose the reader is usually in the mental condition of the child forced to take medicine disguised in syrup. He will drink the syrup, if he can, and leave the bitter stuff; or, if they have been well mixed, he will make a wry face and be thankful that the decoction is no worse. Lady Georgiana Fullerton's books all have a purpose; but her careful art and her intense earnestness save us from the fear that the "purpose" will pop out suddenly and deprive us of interest in our story. It is of few moral writers that this can be said. We read Miss Austen for amusement, for the enjoyment of spending an hour in a past social atmosphere which she reconstructs for us, but not for instruction or elevation.

In "A Will and a Way" Lady Georgiana Fullerton similarly reconstructs for us social France as it was immediately before and during the Revolution. Nothing could be better done than the graphic picture of the old Voltairean châtelaine in her castle, untouched as yet by the storm. It is an unique tableau, teaching us even more than De Tocqueville of the means by which the ancient *régime* undermined their own foundations. "A Will and a Way," like "Constance Sherwood," has never yet received the critical consideration it deserves. "Constance Sherwood" is the more perfect work of art. In the quality of *vraisemblance*, in that of reproducing the manner of speech of a past time, in the masterly reserve of power which is the highest attribute of good art, "Constance Sherwood" approaches nearer to Thackeray's

incomparable "Esmond" than to any other novel of our time.

"A Will and a Way" has the moving elements of a great historical tragedy. It gives us truer glimpses of that time of tragedies than we get anywhere outside the more honest parts of Carlyle. Lady Georgiana Fullerton fills each inch of her great canvas so carefully, giving no hasty blotches of crimson merely for effect, that she interprets even the philosophy of the Revolution by means of her social sketches better than many pretentious writers. The reader who has not the time to collate the memoirs of the period may yield himself to the guidance of Lady Georgiana Fullerton for a knowledge of France in the throes of the Terror. She does not exaggerate even the smallest incident for her purpose. Each touch, as we said before, has the true color of truth. There is enough matter in this book to fill a dozen novels and make them absorbingly interesting, and enough suggestion for many months of high thinking.

The test of the value of a novel is the impression it leaves. Having read "Fabiola" or "Ben-Hur," we arise with the triumphant exclamation, "I, too, am a Christian." This is the cry which Lady Georgiana Fullerton would move us to utter. This is her purpose. She lived for the greater glory of God. Her works interpreted her life. Each was the reflex of the other. The good she has done lives after her. While there are young hearts ready to glow with the records of Christian heroism or healthy romance, and old ones capable of loving aspirations towards great deeds and daily sacrifices, Lady Georgiana Fullerton's novels will never lack admirers.

Let us hope that the everlasting flood of literary trash will soon become so tiresome to the indefatigable readers of fiction that a purer taste may arise, and the novels of this Christian artist in letters be given their rightful place. As it is, the young woman who from her course of reading has omitted "Constance Sherwood" and "A Will and a Way" should at once repair a serious defect in her literary education.

SINCE the beginning of the present century Easter has only once fallen on its earliest possible date—March 22—to wit, in 1818; and the same thing will not happen again either in this century or in the following one. Three years ago, in 1886, the feast came as late as it possibly could—April 25,—and that year witnessed something then which had not taken place before since 1666, which until 1943 will not be seen again,

Easter Jewels.

Resplendent at Christ's feet new jewels lie,
 More lovely than the Kings to Bethlehem brought,
 More precious than the fruit the Grecians sought
 From Argo; the sun in Easter sky
 More brilliant is, and shines more merrily
 On crocus-buds, and flowers incense-fraught,
 The Greek narcissus, tulips fairy-wrought
 With bands of gold which with the sun's rays vie:
 These be thy jewels, O Nature, for thy Lord,—
 Thou turquoise in the grass, O violet,
 Thou ruby on the lawn, O tulip flame;
 Thou dandelion, gold-starred, upon the sward,—
 All these His Easter jewels; more precious yet
 The hearts raised up to Him from sin's dark shame.

—Ave Maria.

College Gossip.

—Eastern college nines were badly beaten in their first games with the league teams.

—An agricultural paper heads an article with: "Are There Any Healthy Hogs?" The writer has evidently had little experience with the world or he would not ask such foolish questions.

—The 800th anniversary of the Monastery of Melk has just been celebrated. The school of the Melk Monastery is to Austria what Eton is to England. It was there that the Bishop of Salford was educated, and also his brother, the late Archbishop of Sydney.

—The faculty of Harvard college has made a rule that any student who has been put on probation—that is, officially warned that his conduct or scholarship is not satisfactory—cannot compete for any prizes or honors, nor take part in any public, theatrical, or musical performance or athletic contest; nor will he be recommended for a degree. He may be required to put himself under the direction of a private tutor or to report daily to the college officer, or to do both.

—The Irishman should be proud of the record of his country in the work of education. It is too true that we are taunted with our poverty and our ignorance, and we are told that it is because we are Catholics. It is because our fathers would not give up their Catholic faith that the English robbers, after stealing the land, wanted to steal away the Faith. England, Protestant England, by the most infamous code of penal laws, legislated our people out of learning and held them for centuries in ignorance. We should not let the world forget that there was a time when, as Usher says, "Ireland was the refuge of civilization and literature." We see St. Patrick at Armagh establishing a university which in the ninth century had 7,000 students, representing all the countries of Europe, and St. Finian, at Clonard in 530, "whence issued," says Usher, "a stream of saints and scholars like Greek warriors from the wooden horse at Troy." The Saxon clod was in barbarism when the Irish

scholars went to his land to civilize him and teach him his letters. Montalembert says that "in the Irish monastic schools were trained an entire population of philosophers, architects, painters, musicians, poets and historians." Her inspiration arose from the teachings of the Catholic Church.—*Father Conaty.*

—The story Prof. Brewer of Yale college is circulating deserves to take high rank among geographical jokes. He says the areas of the several counties in Connecticut as officially published were obtained as follows: A common wall map of the state was carefully weighed on an apothecary's scales. Then the map was cut in pieces and each county was weighed. The experts had assumed that the size of the state was 4,674 square miles, and it is evident that the area of each county would bear the same relation to the area of the state as the weight of its part of the map to the weight of the whole map. It would be hard to beat this mathematical demonstration, but the second prize may be safely awarded to the fellow who determined the length of the Pilcomayo river in South America about fifty years ago. He took measurements to find the volume of the river at points supposed to be 100 miles apart. Then he argued that as it had required 100 miles to diminish the volume a certain amount, the river could be followed up-stream for some thousands of miles before there was no water at all and consequently no river. By this calculation he proved that the source of the river was somewhere in North America.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—The annual report of the Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language shows that the movement inaugurated several years ago on behalf of the national tongue is making very fair and satisfactory progress. There are now in the schools of Ireland seventy-seven Irish instructors who have been qualified before the National Board, and the number of pupils who passed the Irish examinations last year was 443. Says the *Dublin Nation*:

"It is even still more satisfactory to observe that the study of Gaelic is steadily advancing also at the intermediate examinations. At the last examination held by the Commissioners of Intermediate Education the number of passes amounted to 210. Of these 151 were pupils of the Christian Brothers' schools, a result that proves beyond yea or nay that the Christian Brothers are taking no languid interest in the revival of the old tongue. Next year we hope to see equally satisfactory results at the intermediate examinations from the pupils of Clongowes College, where a new and patriotic departure has been made by the creation of a Gaelic class, and the nomination of Mr. R. J. O'Duffy, one of the honorary secretaries of the society to the post of Gaelic professor. The council adds that there is reason to hope that other schools and colleges in Ireland will follow the example of this high-class educational establishment. Meanwhile, it cannot but afford every sincere lover of the Irish tongue the utmost pleasure to learn that the universities on the other side of the Channel are beginning to regard the Celtic language in a more favorable light than formerly. The London University has, for instance, decided to place Celtic on its list of subjects for the M. A. Examination. At the University College, Liverpool, Dr. Kuno Meyer continues to announce classes in Irish and Welsh. Other universities are sure to follow suit."

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Notre Dame, April 20, 1889.

Holy Week at Notre Dame.

Holy Week is the last week of Lent, during which all the great events connected with the Passion of Our Lord are commemorated, and the ceremonies of the Church are then more numerous and expressive than at any other time. On Palm Sunday, at half-past nine o'clock, the bells rang for Mass, and in a short time the students had taken their places in the church. After the palms had been blessed by the celebrant, Rev. President Walsh, a procession consisting of the Fathers, seminarians and altar-boys, was formed, which was to remind us of the procession of the Jews when Jesus made His entry into Jerusalem. At Mass the Passion of Our Lord was sung by three priests, assisted by the choir. This ceremony is a very beautiful one, and could not but have made an impression on those who understood it.

On Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings many of the students were present at the solemn offices of the *Tenebræ*.

On Holy Thursday, after Mass, a procession was formed, and the Sacred Host conveyed to the repository prepared for it in one of the beautiful little chapels in the church. To designate the desolation of Our Lord and the sorrow of the Church, the altars were stripped of all their ornaments. Immediately after this, Vespers were read. In the afternoon the students assembled to see the Washing of the Feet, which is always performed on Maundy Thursday in commemoration of the washing of the feet of the disciples by our Divine Lord. Very Rev. Father General officiated, assisted by Rev. President Walsh as deacon, and Rev. Father Regan as subdeacon. During the ceremony beautiful anthems were sung by the choir; the burden of these anthems was resumed frequently by the following: *Ubi charitas et amor, Deus ibi est. Congregavit nos in unum Christi amor.* After the conclusion of this ceremony all retired in silence.

On Good Friday the ceremonies began about 10 o'clock a. m. After the prophecies and Passion had been sung, the solemn ceremony of the adoration of the Cross took place.

On this Holy Saturday morning the new fire and the paschal candle were blessed. At Mass

all was joy, for then Our Saviour was represented as coming from the tomb. The altar was brilliantly illuminated; the bells were rung, and the choir poured forth joyous notes of praise to the Almighty, expressive of the happiness experienced by all.

Know-Nothings.

The above title is the name of a political party that arose in this country about a half century ago. Its name, perhaps, will give us an insight into the character of its members. For it has been said that the less a person knows, the better his qualifications to become a Know-nothing. Its ostensible object was to restrict foreign immigration. Its real object was to restrict the immigration of Catholics and to deprive them of the rights of citizenship. To accomplish their end they resorted to the most outrageous methods. Persons are still living who were witnesses of their foul deeds. They tell us that the Know-nothings raised mobs, burned Catholic churches, academies and private dwellings, murdered innocent persons, and committed other acts of violence, the narration of which mantles the cheek of the true American with a blush of shame and indignation. The page of history recording their bigoted deeds is the darkest blot on our annals. Well would it be for us could it be obliterated. Sober, honest, considerate men of every political and religious belief soon became disgusted with the unjust, unconstitutional and wicked proceedings of this party. It began to dwindle without accomplishing its end.

From time to time, however, the old Know-nothing spirit awakes in various parts of the Union. It goes perhaps under the title U. O. D., or it may be that its name is Knights of the Golden Eagle, or Native American Party. But the name does not matter if the principles are the same.

It is said the members of these organizations take an oath that they will do all in their power to prevent any foreigner, and in particular, any Catholic, from getting an office whether elective or appointive. If this is not true, let some member of this body that fears the light come forward and tell us honestly and openly what are its objects. Until this is done, all honest men, whether Catholic or non-Catholic, will believe that it is unconstitutional, and that it contains the seed that will destroy not only the party in whose bosom it was hatched, but the Republican form of government.

Why are these over-zealous friends of liberty opposed to Catholics? Are Catholics or Catholic teachings antagonistic to our free institutions? As a native born American citizen, who loves his country and her institutions, and, at the same time, as one who knows both sides, I can, I think, intelligently answer no. Catholics love liberty. The Catholics of Ireland have been fighting for liberty for 700 years. In recent times the Catholics of Germany and of Poland have suffered untold persecutions for liberty. Never, in modern times, has a blow been struck for liberty that Catholic brains, money and blood did not come forward in defense of that priceless boon.

And I defy anyone to disprove the following well-founded, historical facts: (1) Catholics were the first who reared on the American continent the banner of civil and religious liberty. (2) The Catholics wrung from King John on the plains of Runnymede the Magna Charta, which contains the free principles that lie at the foundation of our noble constitution. Among other things which we owe to the Magna Charta are trial by jury and the principle for which we fought in the Revolution, *i. e.*, that taxes should not be levied without the consent of those who pay them. (3) Were it not for Catholic France and the Catholic Irish we would, perhaps, be still under the heel of the British tyrant. (4) Bishop Carroll, with his relative Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, of Revolutionary fame, and Bishop Hughes, not to mention hundreds of thousands of others of the late war, were the staunchest friends American liberty ever had.

But who are the Americans and who the foreigners? I once thought that to be a true American it was necessary to trace your ancestors to the "Mayflower." I suppose, I was a Know-nothing then. As a matter of fact, we are all foreigners, or descendants of foreigners. Does it make you any better American because your forefathers came to this country fifty or one hundred years before mine? No. If I obey the laws of this country, if I am devoted to its interests, if I uphold its constitution and hold myself in readiness to defend the honor of its flag, I am, then, a good, true American citizen no matter where I was born or what my religious belief. This is what all good Catholics must do and be. Phil. Sheridan was an Irishman and a Catholic. Was he not as good a citizen as anyone?

Rochambeau, De Grasse, Pulaski, Lafayette and their troops were Catholics. Without their assistance in our hour of need the Revolution would have been a failure, and Washington,

Carroll, Adams, with our other noble patriots, would have been hung as traitors.

In every crisis the Irish-American citizen has been found faithful to our Union, our laws, and the institutions of our glorious land. Every battlefield, from Bunker Hill to Five Forks, or even to the Haymarket, was watered with the blood of Irishmen and Catholics, who fearlessly and generously rushed into the jaws of death in defense of the Stars and Stripes.

Is there an old soldier in the land who cannot testify to the honorable conduct and bravery of the Irish Catholic during the last war? Or is there one who was not edified by the gentle conduct of those angels of mercy, the Sisters of Catholic religious orders who left everything to soothe the last hours of the dying soldier and dress the wounds of all, regardless of their religious belief?

It is a significant fact, as well as a rebuke to the narrow-minded bigotry of the society, that our best citizens are too honorable, fair-minded, considerate and honest to have anything to do with such anarchistic proceedings.

It is to be hoped that others who have been led into such associations will see their error and will have no more to do with anything of which they are ashamed to acknowledge themselves members.

J. J. B.

(From the Chicago News.)

University of Notre Dame.

The region about the great Catholic University of Notre Dame is historic ground. More than two hundred years ago it was visited by the famous Father Marquette in his wanderings through western wilds that have since become the populous centre of our country. It is not known how long he remained at the "portage" where the city of South Bend now stands; but it is certain that he passed over it from the Kankakee to the St. Joseph River on his return to the lakes. Father Allouez, who came after him, established the first mission in what is now the state of Indiana, but was then included in the territory claimed by the French. He built his chapel and mission on the river or land granted to the Jesuits in 1686. There he remained until his death in 1689. Other priests followed, carrying on the work with only occasional interruption until the yielding of French claims, followed by the war of the Revolution, compelled its abandonment. It was not until 1830 that the tract of land now occupied by the University was purchased by Father Badin. It was then called Ste.-Marie des Lacs, in honor of two lovely little lakes that adorn the landscape. Two years later Father Louis De Seille took up his residence in this place. In his log cabin were two rooms, one used for a chapel,

where a small wooden altar was erected, the other plainly fitted up for a dwelling. Remote from friends and kindred he passed his life in missionary work among the Indians, dying at his post. His bones now lie in a vault under the altar of the beautiful church at Notre Dame. With them lie the remains of Father Petit who succeeded him, carrying on his work to a successful conversion of the tribe. When the Indians, whose home was coveted by the white man, were persuaded by the usual arguments to accept a reservation beyond the Mississippi Father Petit went with them, remaining until his death.

The removal which began in 1840 was not yet completed when Father Edward Sorin arrived in 1841. He was a member of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, an Order devoted to the cause of education. Sent from France to do missionary work in the New World, the young priest, who was then about 28 years of age, found his way to a mission near Vincennes. There he met Bishop de la Hailandière, who urged him to go to Ste.-Marie des Lacs, offering to give him the land if he would establish a college there. Father Sorin accepted this proposal and with six Brothers of his Congregation set out for his new home.

Pupils were soon received in a brick building, now called the farmhouse that is pointed out as an interesting reminder of early days. But a new building was soon erected. In August, 1843, work was begun on the college that was ready for use the next spring. This structure was afterwards torn down to make room for a better one, that was destroyed by fire in 1879, making the present building the third that has occupied its site. In 1844 a college charter was granted by the state, and a post-office was soon obtained through the intervention of Henry Clay. The old name of the settlement had been already changed to Notre Dame by Father Sorin.

FIRST GRADUATION EXERCISES.

On the 4th of July, 1848, the first commencement exercises were held. A small catalogue, giving a list of graduates and premiums, was at that time printed in Detroit. In 1850 the catalogue was printed in South Bend by Schuyler Colfax, then probably not dreaming of his future career. In that year fifty-six students were enrolled, exclusive of thirteen students in theology. Wonderful changes have taken place since those days. Father Sorin has seen his small college grow into a great University, including schools for boys of all ages as well as for young men. Between five and six hundred students are now enrolled in its ranks. Noble buildings, to which additions are made from time to time, attest its growth and power. The priest, too, has become Father General of the Order of the Holy Cross, his rule extending to all lands where its members may be found. He is a noble-looking man of patriarchal mien. The beauty of his character, the worth of his attainments, the faithfulness of his labors, were all lovingly recounted

by the hosts who gathered last summer at Notre Dame to honor the golden jubilee that crowned his fifty years of priestly service. Priests, bishops, and archbishops came from far and near to participate in that general rejoicing. Cardinal Gibbons, too, was there. Grounds and buildings were gayly decorated in honor of his Eminence and the occasion. Arches were erected on the college campus, where our national colors were joined with those of the college and the Pope. There were ringing of bells, playing of bands, decoration and illumination of the two miles of road from the city to Notre Dame, marching of societies, preaching in the magnificent Church of the Sacred Heart, banqueting in the halls, and a constant succession of dignified pleasures that were closed with a brilliant display of fireworks. Such an ovation is rarely offered to any man, and when bestowed upon one whose life has been devoted to religion and the education of youth, becomes indeed a triumph.

Among the multitudinous gifts and testimonials, received on that occasion by the Founder of Notre Dame, was an honorary diploma from the Department of Public Instruction and of Fine Arts in France, which was presented by the French Government.

THE BUILDINGS AND THEIR TREASURES.

The college building is an immense brick structure four stories in height exclusive of a mansard roof. It is surmounted by a great, glittering dome, on whose summit stands a shining figure of the Blessed Virgin Mary, 16 feet in height. Since the introduction of electric light, which is now used throughout the building, this golden statue wears a flaming crown at night, while from its feet bends outward and upward another starry group. In the day it is not less beautiful, when its majestic outlines are more clearly visible against the sky, and its golden surface reflects the sunlight with dazzling brilliancy.

A broad flight of steps leads through a portico to the main entrance to the building. Within is a magnificent hall over whose tessellated floors the visitor loves to wander gazing upon the beauties of its frescoed walls. It is the story of Christopher Columbus from youth to age that is told in these paintings; his confident dreams of a new world to which Isabella lent ear and aid; his quest and his discovery; his triumphant return; his trials and his death. They are the work of an Italian artist, Signor Gregori, whose wonderful brush has made the University famous for its art treasures. For fourteen years he has given nearly all his time to Notre Dame, to its halls, its galleries of art, and especially to its church, whose interior decorations far surpass those of any other sacred edifice in this country.

On the left of the main entrance is a spacious drawing-room, whose walls are lined with portraits of priestly faces. There is a full-length picture of Very Rev. E. Sorin, looking out from his University grounds to the pictured Vatican

gardens, where, in gorgeous scarlet robes, stands Pio Nono, a splendid figure. Near the door hangs a portrait of the University's second President—an intellectual face with grave but serene expression. In the farther end of the room is an original Crucifixion by Van Dyke—a picture 250 years old.

On the second and third floors the corridors are filled with portraits of bishops and other dignitaries of the Church. They form a splendid gallery, with their rich robes and intellectual faces, that seems to offer fitting introduction to the great library beyond. In this beautiful hall are stored all the more substantial literary treasures, constituting what is called the reference library. A circulating library of lighter character is found in another room, but this is the haunt of the true book-lover. Shelves filled with volumes line each side of the room. One is tempted to peer into old books grown yellow with age, and into new books fresh from the latest thoughts of man; but the transient visitor must look quickly or he will not get even a glance at half the other treasures to be found in this hall. There are long lines of cases stored with historic vestments, the richly wrought robes of famous prelates. There are gorgeous mitres that have crowned the brows of great bishops, costly crosiers of rare workmanship, and a copy of the triple crown. There are collections of old coins, curiosities from distant lands, relics of forgotten mound-builders, exquisitely illuminated manuscripts from monasteries of the Middle Ages, trophies from the far west, and gifts of value or beauty bestowed by mission societies on the occasion of the Father General's jubilee; in short, there is an interesting museum in this great hall. Here, too, is found a portrait of the artist Gregori painted by himself. It represents a man of seventy who looks nearly twenty years younger. The confident pose of the strong head, the broad brow half covered by a cap, the full contour and beaming eyes, all mock at time as only spirit can.

A CHURCH OF MARVELLOUS BEAUTY.

But the church still remains to be seen. It stands only a short way removed from the main building, and is used not merely by the University, but by the whole parish. The front part of the structure is about twenty-five years old, but its size and beauty have been greatly increased by a large addition just finished. There are larger sacred edifices than the Church of the Sacred Heart, and many that for exterior grandeur far surpass it; but in interior beauty, in perfection of finish, in richness of art, in magnificence of altars, stations and statues, it attains a completeness unequalled in this country. Nowhere else do walls and ceiling glow with such wondrous beauty. These frescoes, upon which Gregori has worked for years, call to mind at every turn the hope or faith of the believer. In one far corner Jesus walking on the Sea of Galilee forms a beautiful picture. Opposite, at the farther end, the apparition of Our Lady of

Lourdes starts to view. Over a cleft of the rock stands the Blessed Virgin, while at her feet, with lighted taper in her hand, kneels Bernadette. Rocks and foliage add to the beauty of this scene that occupies a space 12 feet in width and 24 in height.

But these pictures are only two of many equally beautiful, equally interesting. One of the most striking is a large picture on the right of the great altar, representing the death of St. Joseph. Over his couch bends the Virgin with saintly face. Jesus on the other side clasps the old man's head upon His breast, while at His feet lies the lily rod fallen from the hand of St. Joseph. It is a picture that charms not merely the believer, but every lover of art. Turn where one will he is struck with the nobility of form, the purity of conception, the gorgeousness of coloring, and the masterly art that has transferred such glowing dreams to the firm walls about him. He looks upward, where from the groined roof that represents the starry vault of heaven innumerable faces of saints or apostles look down upon him. Hours would not suffice to study what is here displayed. There is so much to be seen that one must go and go again before he may feel satisfied that he knows what is there. But the most careless visitor will pause to gaze upon a grand allegorical painting, recently completed by Gregori, that represents the "Exaltation of the Cross." It fills the ceiling of an arched recess in the back of the church, and is one of the largest paintings in America. Only those who have seen it can appreciate its wonderful power and beauty. This picture is valued at \$15,000.

In this church there are also many altars, but grandest of all is the central one of solid bronze. This came from France, and is adorned with many costly offerings. Before it a number of rare lamps are hanging, one valued at \$5000. Other smaller altars are set in various niches or occupy the corners of the church. Though far simpler than the other, these are all beautiful as well.

A notable statue of this church is one of the Blessed Virgin, over whose head are placed two golden crowns. The smaller one that rests upon her head was presented by ex-Empress Eugenie. The larger one, suspended above it, was the gift of fifteen Catholic ladies. These crowns are elaborately set with jewels and are of great value. Another feature not to be overlooked is the immense bell that may be heard at a distance of forty-two miles. This is called the Bourdon bell and is said to be the largest in the United States.

Among other interesting buildings clustered about the college are Science Hall, St. Edward's Hall—a separate department for boys under thirteen years of age in charge of Sisters of the Holy Cross—Sorin Hall, where delightful recreation rooms are found, and the College of Music with a hall for entertainments that will seat 1200 people.

Local Items.

- Easter.
- Alleluia!
- Last day of Lent.
- Easter boxes and Easter refreshments.
- Navigation was formally opened Monday.
- Columbian debate next Wednesday evening.
- Baseball supper soon. Everybody should attend.
- Neighboring institutions are organizing their baseball nines.
- The Philosopher is busily engaged in introducing the game of cricket.
- Eggs-actly. (This is rather old, but has not been used for several years.)
- The students unite in wishing Prof. Edwards *un bon voyage* and a most pleasant European trip.
- Mr. J.W. Guthrie, '85, has been visiting friends at Notre Dame and in South Bend this week.
- The owner of the "crystal palace" desires to notify his friends that they are always welcome.
- The new belts and accoutrements ordered for Company "C," Hoynes' Light Guards, came this week.
- Anyone found guilty of purloining the cup of the fountain back of the main building will be severely sat upon.
- The game of "bombay" or "bummy" has been introduced in the yard by P. Coady, D. Cartier, W. Cartier and others.
- Dannie, better known as the trunk room dog, has mysteriously disappeared. We warn all to look out for the "mystery."
- A new carpet has been placed in the middle aisle of the Senior study-hall, and it is properly appreciated by the denizens thereof.
- Mr. Elmer Crockett, of the *South Bend Tribune*, has the congratulations of many friends here on his appointment as Postmaster of South Bend.
- A very handsome sword and dress belt have been purchased for the use of Col. Hoynes. The sword is a very costly one, and was made by G. F. Foster, Son & Co., of Chicago.
- Speaking of Mr. Chacon's essay on "Mexican Literature," the *Portfolio* says:
 "We are much interested in reading 'The Literature of Mexico,' in THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC, and anxiously await the next issue."
- The Rt. Rev. V. F. Corbett, D. D., Bishop of St. Kilda, Melbourne, Australia, was a welcome visitor during the week. Bishop Corbett, before leaving to continue his tour through the United States, was pleased to express his delight with all he saw at Notre Dame.
- Messrs. Adler Bros. of South Bend, presented the Football Association with their check

for twenty dollars to assist in the purchasing of suits for the special eleven. The association returns thanks for this generous donation. Acts of this kind encourage athletic sports.

—The 18th regular meeting of the Columbian Literary and Dramatic Society was held Thursday evening, April 11, Rev. Father Regan presiding. An interesting debate was ably conducted by Messrs. M. J. Howard, J. B. Sullivan, McAlister, Prudhomme and Hepburn.

—The Senior Archconfraternity have purchased a handsome statue of the Blessed Virgin which will be placed in the church during the month of May when the students attend May devotions. The statue may be seen in the Greek room of Father Stoffel, the Director of the association.

—Mrs. E. P. Hammond, of Rensselaer, is spending a few days at Notre Dame visiting her son Edward of the Junior department. Mrs. Hammond enjoys the distinction of being the first graduate of our neighboring sister Institution, St. Mary's Academy, having completed her course in the Class of '58.

—Another lawn tennis set came this week. Grounds have been laid off just southeast of Sorin Hall, where the tennis court will be situated. An increased interest is being manifested in the game. The lithe and graceful Freddie and the athletic Bobbie are at present the champion players of the hall.

—The new puzzle, "the pigs in clover," which has served to rest the presidential mind wearied with cares of state and Indiana office seekers, which has bothered the heads of our leading statesmen and been sold by the million, has struck the Hall and created the usual interest. Few have been able to solve it.

—Mr. Joseph L. Jernegan, a resident of South Bend from 1841 to 1853, died recently at Naples, Italy, in the 77th year of his age. He was an intimate friend of Very Rev. Father General Sorin during the early days of Notre Dame. A man of varied literary attainments, he acquired distinction as a lawyer throughout Indiana, Illinois and Michigan, and subsequently as a member of the New York Bar.

—The following non-commissioned officers have been appointed for Company "C," Hoynes' Light Guards: First Sergeant, W. McDonnell; Second Sergeant, W. Willien; Third Sergeant, B. Hesse; Fourth Sergeant, E. Morrison; Fifth Sergeant, R. Case; First Corporal, L. Hoerr; Second Corporal, C. Scherrer; Third Corporal, R. Clendenin; Fourth Corporal, G. Weitzel. The company is doing excellently under the command of Captain D. Leonard.

—LAKE ECHOES.—The new men are rowing daily and displaying their ability in order that the best material may be selected for the June races.—The fishing is poor at present. So says Dwyer who fished from 5 o'clock in the morning till breakfast time and did not get even a nibble.—Special attention should be paid to the

selection and training of the six-oared crews so that the June regatta will not be lacking in interest and excitement.—Navigation opened Monday, and a carpenter has been busy since then getting everything about the boat house in good shape.—The removal of the old frame house improves the appearance of the premises, though the old building was a thing of utility if not of beauty. But the boat club goes in strong for beauty.

—The exercises in Washington Hall next Wednesday evening will be conducted according to the following

PROGRAMME:

Selection..... Notre Dame String Quartette
 Declamation—"The Taking Down of the Old Church"
 R. Bronson.

Selection by Vocal Quartette—"Breezes of the Night"
 Messrs. F. Jewett, A. E. O'Flaherty, H. Smith, W. Lahey
 Declamation—"Thanatopsis"..... J. Toner

DEBATE: "Resolved that the President of the United States should be elected by the direct vote of the people."

Affirmative	{	{	J. L. Hepburn
			J. H. Mithen
Negative	{	{	J. B. Sullivan
			M. Howard

Farce—"Cherry Bounce."..... By the Columbians

—Prof. James F. Edwards left Notre Dame on last Sunday evening in order to take a vacation tour of a few months in Europe. During the fifteen or more years in which he has been professionally connected with the University, Prof. Edwards has labored with untiring zeal in its interests and those of the students. Through his efforts the historical department has been raised to a high standard of excellence; while the "Bishops' Memorial Hall," so well known to the literary public and so dear to the historian because of its rare treasures, will remain a monument to his indefatigable labors. Though Prof. Edwards will be greatly missed from college circles, yet he has well earned a much-needed rest, and his many friends accompany him with their best wishes that he may experience all the benefits that can be hoped for during his absence, and that he may return with renewed health and strength to continue his noble work.

—The Lemonnier Boat Club held its first spring meeting on the evening of the 14th inst. Rev. President Walsh was elected Director and Rev. M. J. Regan President of the Club. For Commodore Mr. Fehr declined a re-election, and the name of Mr. John B. Meagher was proposed and he was unanimously elected to fill the position. G. Craig was elected Recording Secretary and D. Dwyer Corresponding Secretary. For captains of the four-oared crews, J. Kelly, L. Meagher and T. McKeon were placed in nomination. The first two named were elected on the first ballot. It was decided to postpone the election of the other captains till the next meeting. The election of Messrs. Mattes, Jackson, E. Kehoe and H. Jewett as members was confirmed. D. Cartier, W. Cartier, E. Brannick, J. McCarthy, E. Howard and T. Smith were received into membership. Navigation was formally declared open and the club adjourned.

—The football suits ordered not long ago for the special team came this week. They were made at Spauldings in Chicago, out of the best material that could be procured for that purpose. The letters N. D. are on the breast of the jacket, one being in old gold and the other in sky blue—the college colors. The letters are quite large, and are placed there not to prevent the eleven from getting lost or going astray, but as things of beauty and ornament. The eleven cannot complain next fall of not being well clothed. The caps, which will be ordered hereafter, will be made with a visor, and will also contain the college colors. The stockings will be black. The new suits possess a great advantage in being padded. The boys expected to use the suits this spring in one game with the Ann Arbor team. The latter backed squarely out when asked to play, alleging various thin excuses. The secret of the matter probably is that their best men have left the team and it is in a weak state. They have not yet recovered from the defeat in Chicago, which served to displace some of their vanity.

—LAW DEPARTMENT.—"The honorable, the Moot-court, is now in session," said Sheriff Lane, as the Judge smiled a greeting and took his seat, while Mr. Dwyer, counsel for the prosecution in the case of the State *vs.* Latimer, arose and said he had discovered a serious error in the proceedings by which Mr. Latimer was acquitted. The attorneys had neglected to poll the jury, and Barrister Dwyer had since ascertained that the jury, instead of being unanimous for acquittal, were divided in their opinion. Lawyer Smith of the defence ridiculed the idea, and the Judge said he would listen to the matter the next Saturday.—The next thing on the docket was a criminal case, the prisoner being charged with murder. Clerk Hummer read the indictment, charging the accused with making away with divers individuals contrary to the law and customs of the country. The prisoner was in court and pleaded "not guilty." A jury was speedily secured, and Prosecuting Attorney Long opened the case by an address to the jury in which he characterized the defendant as a bad, bold man; a menace to the community, and an impediment to the progress of civilization. The defendant's counsel of course resented these disparaging remarks, but held their peace not wishing to disclose their line of defence till ready to put in their testimony. The first witness called was Gustavus Adolphus Jones. But we knew better. It was not Jones. It was only O'Hara answering to that name. "Ah! there, O'Hara." Mr. Jones was sworn and gave the prisoner a bad character. Other witnesses were put on the stand, and it was looking blue for the defence when court adjourned for the day. Long and Dougherty for the prosecution; Brewer and Nester for the defence.—The students have been displaying their knowledge of criminal procedure this week by handing in written indictments. Some were curiosities in

their way.—The lectures on common Carriers near completion.—The Debating Society was unable to meet Wednesday evening.—Late Indiana Reports were received this week.—State vs. Scott this evening.

Roll of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Adams, Alvarez, Akin, Beckman,* Bretz, Burns, Burger, Barnes, F. Brown, Brewer, H. P. Brannick, Barrett, Burke, Blackman, Brookfield, G. Cartier,* Cassidy, Crooker, Cooney, E. Chacon, Cusack, Cullen, Casey, Carroll, D. Cartier, T. Coady, P. Coady, Chute, E. Coady, Combe, L. Chacon, Dore, Dougherty, Delaney, Darroch, Davis, Foster, Finckh, Fehr, Ford, Fitzgerald, Grange, Göke, Goebel, Giblin, Gallardo, Garfias, Gallagher, W. Campbell, Gobin, Hepburn, Houlihan, Healy, Hayes, L. Herman, M. Howard, Hoover, Hummer, Heard, Jennings, Karasynski, Kinsella, Kimball, F. Kelly, Kenny, Knoblauch, Louisell, Lane, Lahey, Lesner, Lozana, F. Long, Larkin, McErlain, H. McAlister, Morton, Mackey, Madden, McAuliff, McKeon, McGinnity, V. Morrison, J. Meagher, W. Meagher, Melady, Mithen, H. C. Murphy, E. O'Brien, W. O'Brien, O'Shea, O'Donnell, O'Hara, P. O'Flaherty, L. Paquette, Prichard, Prudhomme, C. Paquette, Powers, Robinson, Rourke, W. Roberts, Rothert, Roper, Schmitz, R. Sullivan, Steiger, J. Sullivan, Stephenson, G. Soden, C. Soden, Spencer, Toner, V. Vurpillat, F. Vurpillat, Woods, Wade, C. Youngerman Zciller, L. Long,

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Masters Adelsperger, W. Allen, W. Allen, Aarons, Adler, Anson, Berry, Brady, Blumenthal, Baltes, Bradley, Bryan, T. Cleary, S. Cleary, Cunningham, Crandall, F. Connors, J. Connors, Case, Connelly, Collins, Cauthorn, Clendenin, Chute, L. N. Davis, E. Du Brul, Dempsey, Daniels, Ernest, Erwin, Elder, Flannigan, Falvey, C. Fleming, P. Fleming, Frei, J. Fitzgerald, C. Fitzgerald, Ferkel, Green, Galland, Gappinger, R. Healy, P. Healy, J. Healy, Heller, Hesse, Hoerr, Halthusen, Hughes, Hanrahan, Hague, Hennessy, Hartman, Hahn, Hammond, Ibold, Jackson, Jewett, Joslyn, Krembs, King, A. Kutsche, Kellner, Kearns, Maher, Maurus, Monarch, Mainzer, Malone, J. Mooney, Mackey, Merz, McGrath, McMahan, McIvers, J. McIntosh, L. McIntosh, McPhee, McDonnell, McLeod, F. Neef, A. Neef, Noe, O'Neill, G. O'Brien, W. O'Brien, O'Donnell, O'Rourke, Populorum, Pecheux, Prichard, J. Peck, Palmer, Quinlan, Reinhard, S. Rose, E. Roth, Rowsey, Ramsey, Rice, F. Schillo, C. Schillo, Sheehan, Stanton, C. Sullivan, Spalding, A. Sullivan, Sutter, L. Scherrer, C. Scherrer, Sachs, Staples, Shear, Tetard, Wright, Welch, Weitzel, Williams, Wood, Willian, Wilbanks, Young.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Masters Ackerman, Bates, Blake, Barbour, Bruel, T. Burns, J. Burns, Brown, Boyle, Blease, Connelly, Cornell, Creedon, C. Connor, W. Connor, Crandall, Crane, Cudahy, A. Crawford, W. Crawford, Carter, Clark, Cohn, Downing, Durand, Doherty, J. Dungan, Dorsey, J. Dempsey, F. Dempsey, Dench, Dodson, E. Elkin, M. Elkin, F. Evers, G. Evers, Eckler, Elder, Finnerty, Falvey, Foster, Fanning, Greene, Goodwillie, Gregg, Goodman, Girardin, Gray, Gilkison, Hendry, Hagus, Hamilton, Henneberry, Hill, Hedenberg, Johns, Kane, Kroolman, Keeler, Koester, Kehoe, Lansing, Levi, Livingston, Londoner, Lonergan, Lee, Lehnberg, A. Marre, J. Marre, Maternes, Marx, Minor, McPhee, Mattas, McDonnell, McDanel, McGuire, Mooney, Mayer, Montague, C. McCarthy, J. McCarthy, Miller, Marr, Morrison, W. Nichols, C. Nichols, Neenan, O'Neill, Oppenheimer, Plautz, Parker, L. Paul, C. Paul, Powell, Quill, Roberts, Seerey, Seidensticker, Snyder, Stone, Steineman, Stephens, Stafflin, Stange, Thornton, Trujillo, Witkowsky, F. Webb, Weber, R. Webb, Washburne, Wilcox, L. Wilson, W. Wilson, Watson, Waterman.

* Omitted by mistake for two weeks.

St. Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—Sketching parties are the latest incentives to special efforts in St. Luke's Studio. Much beautiful work is in progress.

—Very Rev. Father General presided the distribution of points, as usual, on Sunday evening. The readers were Misses M. Hurff and K. Morse.

—At the last meeting of St. Catherine's Literary Society, after the usual readings, etc., the Misses English, Piper and I. Horner favored the members with vocal and instrumental music.

—Miss A. Shephard, Class of '87, on Saturday last sent a beautiful floral offering in memory of Sister M. Cecilia, the fourth anniversary of whose death was prayerfully observed on the 14th inst.

—Quite a large class is now preparing for the reception of the Sacrament of Confirmation, which will be administered by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Dwenger on the afternoon of Ascension Thursday, May 30th.

—Among the visitors of last week were: Rev. D. A. Tighe, Miss L. Tighe, D. Soper, J. Northam, H. Crandall, Mrs. M. Gleason, Chicago; Mrs. A. J. Kaspar, South Evanston, Ill.; Mr. and Mrs. Fisher, Omaha, Neb.; Mrs. Currier, Almont, Mich.; Mrs. W. D. Richards, Joliet, Ill.

—The improvement made by the elocution pupils will be noted by all now that the windows are open; but it is to be feared that the birds will not be pleased to have rivals in their special language, and will depart for fields where elocutionists do not recite "The Bobolink."

—The Third Seniors held a very interesting competition in Rhetoric on Thursday last; the contest was quite animated, and maintained with such skill and ability on both sides, that it was continued on Friday. The captains were Misses Geer and Nacey, the latter of whom claimed the victory.

What the Crucifix is to Catholics.

There is a mountain in Colorado that carries ever on its slope a snow-white cross; the sun's genial rays send down into the valleys tiny streams formed of the myriad snow flakes that have drunk in the warmth and been dissolved; the soft verdure of spring beautifies the mountain side; the flowers of summer bloom, and their fragrance is wafted far and wide; but the cross still rests there, unchanged, unmoved. So in the heart of the Catholic is the Sign of man's Redemption graven, unchanged by the storms or sunshine of life, and wherever he goes he bears with him the image of the Crucified. Go

to the Catholic home, the crucifix is there; visit the school-room, before the eyes is the symbol of Christianity; enter the cross-crowned church, and over the tabernacle stands an image of the crucified Saviour; tread softly the paths that wind mid graves, and everywhere you see the cross. Ask the Catholic what the crucifix is to him, and he will tell you that it is his solace in grief, his friend in joy; it is his inspiration, his life.

Ever since the first great Crucifix was raised on the summit of Mount Calvary has its representation been venerated, honored and loved with an undying love by the members of God's holy Church.

Eighteen hundred Good Fridays have rolled into eternity since the enactment of that awful drama of Redemption; but time can never erase from the tablets of memory that scene; for let us but rest our eyes on the crucifix, and we live again that day in Jerusalem. We see Jesus scourged, crowned with thorns, and the heavy cross laid upon His shoulders; weary and fainting He begins the dolorous journey to Calvary; overpowering to the soul is the anguish, the pain and the darkness of that dreary way of the cross; look at the crucifix, it tells us all; it shows us the cross lifted from the ground with Jesus hanging on it; on His face is that same sweet, sad expression with which He was wont to attract hearts through life, and with this same sweet smile He expires.

Life is full of questions; and, as Father Faber says, "Look at the crucifix and you find the answer to them all." All through the life of a Catholic does the cross exercise its wondrous influence. At Baptism man's first contract is sealed with the mark of salvation, and as death steals over him his eyes rest on the Crucified before they are pressed with that sacred sign in the sacrament of Extreme Unction. In sorrow there is a solace in pressing it to one's heart that is not found else where; it comforts and raises the soul to heights above earthly trials. It is silent, but ah! the eloquence of that silence. Before the crucifix the sinner bows low, his soul burdened with sin, uttering only the petition: "Mercy, my Jesus, mercy!" And from the lips of the dying Saviour he seems to hear the tender words of forgiveness: "Go in peace, and sin no more." The price of the Redemption flashes across his vision, and with contrite tears he ventures to kiss those dear feet so torn with nails.

To the poor it is their treasure; they love the cross; it is at once their burden and their relief, and oftentimes changes their hot tears to peace and joy. Yes, to all—pontiffs, martyrs,

priests and people is the crucifix the solution of all life's mysteries. To us as Americans should the cross be doubly dear; for since its shadow fell upon our beautiful shores has it been instrumental in the promotion of all that is true and noble. Constantine beheld, written on the heavens in letters of gold over a glittering cross, "In this Sign thou shalt conquer," and written on our hearts in Christ's Precious Blood, are the same words, which are the source of all our hope and the cause of all our joy. True, the terrors of Good Friday fill the soul with dread and sorrow at sight of a crucifix, but the glory of Easter morn sheds a radiance over it that leads our souls beyond the tomb to Christ's Resurrection and ours.

LETTIE MEEHAN (*Class '89*).

Roll of Honor.

[For politeness, neatness, order, amiability, correct deportment, and observance of rules.]

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Ansbach, Anson, Bates, Burton, Beschameng, Bogner, Butler, Barron, Bush, M. Beck, C. Beck, Barber, Clifford, E. Coll, Currier, Caren, Clarke, Connell, Donnelly, Ducey, Dempsey, Dorsey, De Montcourt, M. Dunkin, N. Dunkin, English, Flannery, Fursman, Flitner, Fox, M. Gibson, N. Gibson, Gordon, Hertzog, Hammond, Harlen, I. Horner, Hurff, Healy, K. Hurley, Hagus, Hutchinson, Hubbard, Henke, Irwin, C. Keeney, A. Keeney, Ledwith, Meehan, McNamara, Moran, N. Morse, Moore, Marley, C. Morse, McCarthy, H. Nester, Nicholas, Prudhomme, Piper, Quinn, Reidinger, Robinson, Roberts, Rend, M. Smith, Spurgeon, Studebaker, Schiltze, B. Smith, Sauter, Taylor, Tress, Van Horn, Violette, Wright, Zahm.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Barry, E. Burns, Campbell, B. Davis, Dempsey, Dreyer, Erpelding, Farwell, M. Fosdick, G. Fosdick, Griffith, Göke, Kahn, Kelso, Lauth, M. McHugh, McPhee, Miller, Northam, O'Mara, Patrick, Patier, Quealey, Regan, J. Smyth, M. Schoellkopf, I. Schoellkopf, I. Stapleton, Sweeney, Thirds, A. Wurzburg, N. Wurzburg.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Misses E. Burns, Crandall, Kelly, L. McHugh, Moore, Palmer, Scherrer, S. Smyth, Winnans.

Class Honors.

GRADUATING CLASS—Misses Balch, Bub, Clifford, Donnelly, Ducey, Gavan, Hertzog, Meehan, McNamara, Moran, Reidinger, Rend, Smith, Van Horn.

1ST SENIOR CLASS—Misses Bates, Davis, Dempsey, Flannery, Hammond, M. Horner, Hutchinson, Wright.

2D SENIOR CLASS—Misses T. Balch, Burton, Beck, Currier, English, Fursman, Healey, Hurff, K. Hurley, C. Hurley, Irwin, N. Morse, Moore, O'Brien, Quill, Van Mourick, Nicholas, Henke.

3D SENIOR CLASS—Misses Ansbach, Beschameng, Caren, Compagne, Clarke, Davis, De Montcourt, Geer, M. Gibson, N. Gibson, Hamilton, Linneen, Marley, C. Morse, Nacey, Piper, Violette, Sauter, Crane, M. Dunkin, Quealey, N. Dunkin, Stapleton, Tress.

1ST PREPARATORY CLASS—Misses Butler, Brewer, Barber, Bloom, Coll, Fox, Hepburn, Ledwith, Quealey

Quinn, Roberts, Smith, Spurgeon, Webb, Zahm, Erpelding, McPhee, Thirlds.

2D PREP. CLASS—Misses Anson, Barron, Flitner, Keeney, Lewis, McCarthy, Penburthy, Campbell, Dempsey, Griffith, Kahn, Lauth, Patier, Wurzburg, Fosdick.

3D PREP. CLASS—Misses Ash, Bush, Dorsey, Hagus, Harmes, Hubbard, McCune, Rentfrow, Koopman, Burdick, Farwell, Miller, O'Mara, Pugsley, Schoellkopf, N. Wurzburg.

1st JUNIOR PREP. CLASS—Misses Barry, A. Cooper, Cooke, Dreyer, Daly, Kloth, Soper, Hoyt, Fosdick, Northam.

1st JUNIOR CLASS—Misses Göke, Patrick, Kaspar, B. Davis, M. Davis, Palmer, Scherrer, Sweeney, S. Smyth, L. McHugh, Regan, M. McHugh.

2D JUNIOR CLASS—Misses Moore, E. Burns, N. Smyth, Scherrer, Kelly, Winnans.

BOOK-KEEPING.

1st CLASS—Misses Quill, C. Hurley.

2D CLASS—Misses Barron, Irwin, Hubbard, Harlen, Marley, Spurgeon, Ledwith, Haney, Nicholas, Van Mourick.

PHONOGRAPHY.

1st CLASS—Misses Ducey, K. Hurley, M. Beck, M. Davis, Hepburn.

2D CLASS—Misses Bogner, Barron, Parker, Harlen, Irwin.

3D CLASS—Miss L. Taylor.

TYPE-WRITING.

Misses Ducey, M. Beck, M. Coll, C. Beck, Parker, L. Taylor, Henke.

(From the Chicago News.)

St. Mary's Academy.

St. Mary's Academy is located a mile distant from the University of Notre Dame; but its 400 acres of land adjoin the University grounds, allowing a private road between the two institutions. Though founded about eleven years later than the college, it is already an old school whose name is known throughout the entire country. Its growth, too, has been constant, reaching this year a membership of over two hundred students. It had been long understood that the two-hundredth girl would usher in a holiday with a feast, and she did; the "Parisian dinner" that was given on that occasion being one of the great events of the year.

Until her death in March, 1887, Mother Mary of St. Angela was the guiding spirit of St. Mary's. She was a woman of remarkable moral and intellectual character, who resigned the attractions of the world when only twenty-five years of age to become a Sister of the Order. And this in spite of the fact that her social position was unusually favorable, even brilliant. She was first cousin to the Hon. James G. Blaine, and sister-in-law to the Hon. Judge Ewing of Lancaster, O., a brother of Gen. Ewing and Mrs. Gen. Sherman. Her education, too, had been thorough; but she was an ardent Catholic and zealous for a religious life. Her novitiate was made in France, after which she

returned to America, and became at once superior of the Academy of St. Mary's in Bertrand, Mich. This school was soon moved to Notre Dame and chartered under its present name.

Though the academy building is far less imposing than the college, it is spacious, convenient and attractive by reason of its cheerful, home-like air. It is beautifully situated near the banks of the swift St. Joseph River, whose rapid current flows through a deep and thickly wooded ravine. Avenues of tall trees offer their shade in summer, and broad verandas furnish a nearer promenade. Immense lawns, summer-houses and winding walks add their attractions to the scene that may easily captivate one used to the distractions of the city.

Just beside is the convent, the Mother-House of the Order, to which its members annually return from various missions, and to which they go if overtaken by sickness. The Chapel of Loreto is also near at hand. This beautiful church, whose foundation stones were laid in May, 1886, is the pride of St. Mary's. Its stained-glass windows were made by the Carmelite nuns at Le Mans, France, and are exquisite in design and coloring. The great altar, made of Italian marble, is valued at \$3,000, and its tabernacle is lined with gold and silver. The golden candlesticks that rest upon it came from France, also, and were the gift of Mrs. Peter Smith of Chicago. A graduate of St. Mary's—Miss Laura Fendrick of Evansville, Ind.—designed and presented a beautiful filigree lamp that hangs before it with never-dying flame. Though its art treasures are far surpassed by those of the other church, this lovely chapel contains some fine frescoes by Gregori, and its stations, painted by Sister Lioba who died two years ago, are exceedingly beautiful.

No one would choose to leave St. Mary's without at least a hurried visit to the House of Loreto, a fac-simile of the famous house in Italy, which had been the home of the Holy Family that was miraculously transported from Nazareth when in possession of the Turks. The story goes that it was taken to Dalmatia in 1291, was proved to be the original by investigators sent to Nazareth for this purpose, and was again removed by angels to Loreto, Italy, in 1293. The house in Italy is a famous resort for pilgrims, who believe that prayers offered there have more than usual power. At St. Mary's this little work, shut away from all outside influences, is certainly alluring. All day long it is open for those who choose to enter, and one is almost sure to find at any hour some pious nun before its altar devotedly counting her beads.